

## Bloody Bandages By His Bedside by orphan\_account

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Angst, Blood, F/M, Hospitals, Identity Issues, M/M, Multi, Pills, along with her boyfriends, car crashes, face horror, holly is 9, jonathan & nance & and steve probs all dating, mike and the boys are 17/16, nancy is like 21 and in college, sorry if this sucks

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Holly Wheeler, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Ted Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

After getting in a rather nasty accident, Mike Wheeler is scarred and in need of some rather extensive facial surgery. His parents jump at the opportunity to do anything to fix their son, no matter the costs.. Will Byers starts to grow rather suspicious of his close friend and crush after this, seeing as how he's acting rather odd.. It seems like no one will believe Will that there is something wrong with Mike, that something has happened to him. He almost feels like he's going mad as he searches to find out if this bandaged up man is really his Mike Wheeler.

Is this an impostor? Is this man really some sort of alien impostor or just a stranger they replaced Mike with? Or was this just a broken teenager needing his friend's support and love?

## Bloody Bandages By His Bedside

The worst day of Will Byer's seventeen year old life was the day Mike was in a car accident.

He still remembered setting his bag down by the door, making his way towards the kitchen when the sounds of a phone ringing caught his attention. He was just prepared for a simple Friday, maybe sit down and finish some neglected homework.. Who could possibly be calling at this hour of the day? Perhaps it was Lucas or Dustin with a question about the homework in algebra. "Hello?-"

Instantly he was met with a worried voice on the other end of the line. "J-Jonathan?" Will could make out the sounds of a panicked Nancy on the other end of the line. It made sense she was looking for his brother, it'd be odd if she was looking to talk to Will or something. She sounded frazzled, worried. What could she be panicking about?

"Actually, it's Will, what's wrong?"

She didn't waste another second, the sounds of a sob being held back on the other end of the line. It was fruitless, halfway through starting to speak, she let out a loud pained cry, "M-Mike was in a car accident."

Those words were enough to shatter him in a million pieces. Over and over, they played in his head, *Mike was in a car accident* . It didn't feel real, he felt like a record stuck on a scratch, replaying over and over in hopes of continuing on with the song. The tan almost mustard colored cord phone fell from his fingertips, small shoulders tensed fully, no words able to escape him.

The woman's quiet confused sobs continued on the other end of the line, distant words barely audible to Will. He was sure even if she was shouting, he wouldn't be able to hear it. The brunette felt like there was cotton in his ears, everything growing hazy.

"Hel-hello?" she asked.

No response.

“Will?”

Again, nothing.

“Jo-nathan?”

He was scrambling towards the door, bursting outside with a start. The door slammed behind him, Will almost tripping over his shoelaces. He didn't know where he was going or how he was going to get there, his feet felt like they were on autopilot. Tears threatened to spill from his eyes, hands shaking as he pushed through backwoods. He didn't even bother with his bike and Will didn't have a car, he was still waiting on Jonathan to buy himself a new one and give Will the hand me down as usual. Twigs and branches cracked under his feet, leaves crinkling, hot tears welling in the corners of his big coffee-colored eyes.

It felt like hours before he was back at Dustin's house, even though it was maybe ten minutes or so at the teen's rapid worried pace. He was quite a fast runner when he tried.. Will was practically wheezing, hands banging widely on Dustin's door, almost collapsing onto the door.

The moment he opened up, Dustin felt the smaller teen hugging close to him. “I-I-It's Mi-ke” He sobbed out, breaking down right there. Yes it was weak, to break down crying right here and he was sure Dustin would laugh at him for it later, Will couldn't help himself. He was a trembling sobbing mess, just the idea of losing Mike setting him over the edge.

Surprisingly, the taller teenager was supportive, attempting to calm down Will enough to get him to spill every little detail of the phone conversation. It more or less amounted to, “Mike has been in a car crash and he could be dead or incredibly injured”. He wasn't sure why he was expecting the curly haired man to laugh, he was the opposite in fact.

Dustin, being the smart friend he is, was first to call Lucas about the whole mess. Before they knew it, they were all riding in their friend's

torn up truck. Of course Lucas was the one to drive, it was his car and he treasured the piece of shit.. Will laid there with the curly haired boy's arm close around him, murmuring encouraging words in his ear.

### *Mike will be okay*

The more he spoke it, the more Will had started to hope he was right. Maybe Mike would be okay, maybe he'd slide out of it with a cast or something for a few weeks.. It wouldn't be too much fun but they could all sign Mike's cast, or maybe the brunette could add little doodles of the other's favorite movie and comic book characters.

He heart almost stopped at the sight of the three car pile up downtown.

It was all a blur, one minute he was driving down the street on his way home from picking up a carton of milk for his mom. The next minute he could feel his body jerking forward and catching on the seat belt, shock flooding his senses. His feet had fumbled for the breaks, eyes widening as they focused on a car speeding towards his. Everything felt slow motion, his hands fumbling to swerve out of the way. A loud screech echoing from the tires as he tried to pull away, the poor mustang slamming face end into the vehicle in the next lane.

Before he could even process much more, another car rammed into his side full speed, glass shattering, metal crumpling like paper, horns honking. He shot forward, face slamming into the airbag. Had it not been for the adrenaline flooding his senses, he'd probably feel his glass like bones aching much much more.

Mike's eyelids were already growing heavier and heavier by the second, his body searing in pure pain. He couldn't control the tears welling up from the whole body pain, hand reaching up to feel at the sharp pain in his face-glass! When the windows shattered, glass certainly found its way into his face. The freckled man could already feel warm liquid bubbling up from the cuts. Mike could make out small shards, littering his face, somehow barely missing his eyes.

“F-fuck..” The freckled teen mumbled, other hand fumbling to unhook the seat belt. He reached out, resting the other hand on the dash to boost himself out. A quiet whimper escaped the teenager, shards of glass pressing into his palms as he attempted to pull himself out of his seat. Damn it.. How-no, why did this happen to him?

His limbs trembled under the weight of his body as he tried to boost himself into the passenger seat, only adrenaline most likely keeping his body from collapsing on itself. A few weak shaking sobs escaped him, mixing in with the warm blood trickling down his freckled face. Mike slumped a bit into the passenger seat once he had gotten over in it. He had to struggle against curling up and falling asleep then and there. He rested one hand on the door handle, the other resting on the seat. He lifted his good leg up, pressing onto the door, using his good leg for added force.

Mike whimpered as he swung open the car door. It’s like his body could no longer function, limbs numb as he tried to pull himself out of the seat slowly inch by inch. The smell of gasoline and a burning warm feeling were the last things he could process before he flopped forward, face slamming into the street. The sounds of warm, crackling fire started behind him but he was too exhausted to pay mind. Everything ached, nothing wanting to dare move. Rather he found himself giving into the drowsy dizzy feeling, blacking out right there.

Mike didn’t remember much else from there. He couldn’t remember paramedics rushing to get him on a stretcher and right to a hospital, nor could he recall the sobbing and crying of his family and friends calling out to him, and he certainly didn’t have any memories of doctors tending to his immediate injuries. In all honestly, he could barely think at all those few moments before he passed out and right after he woke up.

The next thing he could recall were the faces of his family by his bedside. Dark oranges and rests painted the sky through the window blinds, the florescent hospital ceiling lights brightening up the room. It had all the familiar smells of a hospital, freshly washed bed sheets, and hand sanitizor. That clean too perfect type of feeling came along with it as well. Hospitals were the types of places Mike tended to avoid, he hated the ones in town.. They gave odd creepy vibes.

Loud sobs were echoing around him. He could mostly make out his mother sobbing, the quiet words of his father insisting it was okay, insisting doctors could help him. The teen could make out his older sister in the corner to the right, his younger sister nowhere in sight.. Nancy was to the right of his bedside, avoiding eye contact with her younger brother before rushing towards the door and mumbling a quiet, "I-I have to go check on Holly."

His body was next to impossible to move, his foot in a cast perhaps? He wasn't sure what else it could be.. It was certainly still there, he could feel a slight pressure on the appendage. Mike attempted to fidget more, finding that his right arm was patched up as well. Must have been from the car wreck. Although, his broken limbs weren't what he heard his mother sobbing about.

Something that started with a "fa" sound, he could just barely hear it as he tried to pull himself out of his hazy daze. Fantasy? No, that was too long.. Fantastic maybe? Although that didn't make much sense, there is no way his mother would be excited about this mess. Why would she? Mike furrowed a brow, staring off in space, lost in thought as he tried to think of what she could be crying about.

Then, it hit him-His face.

She was screeching and hollering about his face. That only raised the question, what was wrong with it?

His good hand was trembling, the seventeen year old desperately tried to feel his face, running his fingers over the rough skin. Akin to the feeling of leather, the skin was worn, bruises forming on his face. Still, he couldn't make out completely what was wrong with his face. He wanted a mirror or hell, he'd even take a plate or pan to just see what the issue was with his face.

Nurses were quick to pull Mike's hand away from his face as gentle as possible, trying to keep the shaking teenager from opening wounds or further hurt himself with his hasty fumbling around to feel the irritated skin. "Please, Mr Wheeler, you could get an infection if you pick at it." she murmured, rubbing her thumb over his knuckle for a moment.

At this, quiet, weak, cries were welling up in his chestnut colored orbs. He felt utterly helpless like this, body wracked in pain the more he tried to move. "M-my fa-ce?" Mike choked out, trying to feel the inflamed pain skin. "Wh-at's wrong with my face?!" He cried out louder, only to be ignored by the nurses.

"Michael please, calm down-" His father started.

"No-! Wh-at's wrong with it!?" He was shaking, trying to fight off the nurse's grip on his hand. "Fu-cking tell me!"

Mr Wheeler reached out to hold Mike's hand as a nurse with a brunette bob haircut moved to his bedside, "Don't worry sir, we're just going to give him a few more pain killers.. To help him calm down." She offered a thin lipped smile, slowly pressing an IV into the wrist of his good arm. "Shh, just relax sweetheart."

A small whimper escaped him, he didn't want to relax right now, he wanted answers. How the hell was he supposed to be calm in these moments of pure panic? Mike didn't want to just be numbed up with more medication but he didn't get a say.

Even though Mike desperately didn't want to sleep at a time like this, his eyelids started to grow heavy. It was a struggle to keep the drooping eyelids open, and the last he could remember were a few words between his mother and the doctor by his side. Something about facial reconstruction or something, Mike didn't pay much attention. He wasn't sure what it meant at the time but what Mike did know was one thing, *reconstruction* was a funny word.

His head rolled back into the soft pillow, his messy black locks flopping back. A little quiet giggle bubbled up from the back of his thought and he could have sworn his mother flashed the other one of those sweet motherly smiles. "re..re.." the teenager murmured under his breath, "struct... struction..." he repeated, letting out another quiet little giggle. That was a rather silly word!

At these drug fueled thoughts, weak smile graced his face, everything around him starting to blur together and sleep overtook him.

**Author's Note:**

um thanks for reading a mini experiment in writing i made. uh sorry if this is awful or out of character. i am a messy writer and wanted to write something with this idea.. and uh, idk why but i chose my boy mike for the angst purposes.

oh and if there's any confusion, the idea is that the hospitals in town have always been a little corrupt and don't use the most ethical practices from time to time (so like that's why everything is a little sketchy) and yeah... i also don't know too much about hospitals and medical stuff so excuse me if stuff is inaccurate

the idea was more or less inspired by a few horror concepts (like where character A has facial surgery and is left bedridden with their face all bandaged). yeah cool cool